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Every reader of the CITIZEN has our best wishes for a Happy New Year and many returns of the day.

Another experimentalist, seventy years old, announces that he has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Perpetual motion is like the contemplation of infinity. Too much indulgence ends in insanity. And no discovery in the world is too stupendous for a cracked brain.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed in Ohio and elsewhere because Mrs. Van Liew, who deliberately threw acid in the face of a young woman who had aroused her jealousy, is not to receive suitable punishment. Her victim was horribly disfigured and passed weeks of suffering before her death, but the guilty woman has only been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Such mistaken leniency will tend to encourage this cruel and cowardly method of murder.

Goldwin Smith is doubtless right in his interesting conclusions in the matter of suicide. The world is not becoming more sensitive. Advance in national education invariably brings an increase in the proportion of suicide to the population. This is true because it creates ambition and the dissatisfaction which attends all true progress. If everybody in the world was well off and happy there would probably still be suicide so long as there were any people happier than the others. Contentment is almost wholly a matter of mental comparison.

A man pretends to have invented a method of killing weeds by electricity, and there are also devices for operating plows by electricity, this latter invention being only a modification of the steam plowing system tried in the West. With his house lighted with electricity, an electric railroad running past his door and a telephone connection with the nearest town, to say nothing of the connection with his barn, the strictly modern farmer may, if he chooses, farm largely by electricity. This suggests the humorous view of the farmer of the next century sitting calmly in his parlor, dressed in his Sunday clothes, reading the latest periodicals, and conducting his planting, feeding his pigs and killing his chickens by the simple process of pushing buttons.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

What treasures dear of the days agone
Are these which I cherish now!
What loves they tell of the withered past—
Of many a careless vow.

A curling lock from a giddy head,
That prisons a glint of gold;
It had a place in my heart until
The love in my heart grew cold.

A slipper—mold of her pretty foot;
A dainty affair of pink;
It tripped so light in the olden days
That lie behind, link by link.

The scarlet strand of a ribbon, worn
And faded by passing time;
It glowed so warm at her snow-white throat
When life was a joyous rhyme.

A kerchief daintily edged in lace—
A bit of a spotless thing;
What subtle sense of a dying love
Its delicate odors bring!

What treasures dear of the days agone
Are these which I cherish now!
What loves they tell of the withered past—
Of many a careless vow.

—Newton Newkirk, in Columbus State Journal.

THE ROMANCE OF ELIZABETH.

HER name, Elizabeth Friedheim, was German. Her blue eyes and flaxen hair and her Bible were German. But there was nothing of the Teutonic repose in her manner, and her way of whistling at her work and executing little dance steps across the kitchen when she thought Mrs. Pratt was not looking, did not indicate Teutonic solidity of character. Mrs. Pratt was afraid at first that she would not do by any means, particularly when, on the second evening of Elizabeth's engagement, she found a young man in the kitchen, whose almost painful cleanliness and stiffness left no doubt of his character of "beau." Still, Elizabeth seemed to be conducting herself with the utmost propriety, and the young man left early, so Mrs. Pratt said nothing at the time.

The next day, however, she thought she would mention it, and she said, in a mild, motherly sort of way, that she did not want that young man there too often—not oftener than once a week, at any rate. Elizabeth laughed, and said that she did not want him too often, either, and she thought that once a week was too often, so Mrs. Pratt went away feeling satisfied. So far as the work was concerned she certainly had nothing to complain of. Of course, the girl was a new broom, but the way she took hold of things, the quickness and thoroughness with which they were done, and the neatness and order that seemed to descend upon the flat were exceptional. Mrs. Pratt had been suffering from a long series of transient incompetents, who had lined her brow with care and turned three hairs nearly gray. She still felt apprehensive, though, and her foreboding was increased when in the course of the afternoon she found Elizabeth out on the back porch chatting pleasantly with the janitor, who, for the rather morose, middle-aged and married man he was, appeared to be enjoying the conversation immensely. Mrs. Pratt said she could hardly believe that he was the same man when she first saw his face. A little later she was still more surprised. That was when the janitor came up from the basement with a bucket of hot soapsuds, a mop and his hose and began industriously to scrub off the porch. That was something he had never done before until the Pratts made three formal complaints and a threat to move out of the building, and as the agent had his office inconveniently situated down town, and it is tiresome to be complaining and threatening to move all the time, the janitor had had his own way after all. Mrs. Pratt could not help expressing her wonder to her new domestic.

"Oh, vell," said Elizabeth, smiling brightly, "I kess ve don't have any more of that troubles; I haf toldt him he must clean it right avay und keep it clean." As if that was all she had to do.

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That evening Mrs. Pratt heard a sound of laughter proceeding from the kitchen, and, having some natural feminine curiosity, she went out to see what was happening. It was another clean and shiny young man sitting on the stationary tubs and swinging his heels, while Elizabeth swung hers from a seat on the table and ate candy out of a paper bag. Mrs. Pratt went back into the parlor in a frame of mind, and told Mr. Pratt that he would have to call at the intelligence office the next morning and see if he couldn't scare up another girl.

"Why, what's the trouble, now?" asked Pratt.

"Well, she's got the second one in there now; one isn't enough for her, and I simply will not have that sort of thing going on every night, anyway. She can't carry on with young men all the time and give proper attention to her work, and, besides, it isn't proper for a young girl. I spoke to her about it yesterday, and that seems to be all the good it did."

"Now, see here," said Pratt, "perhaps it isn't the girl's fault at all. To look at her I should say that it wasn't; you know how that is yourself."

"I don't know anything of the kind."

"Maybe you don't. I know it was a cold night that I ever went to see you and didn't find some one there, and I know that you told me that you couldn't help it, so I'm making the same allowance for the girl."

Mrs. Pratt said he was talking nonsense, and he didn't make allowances at all, and it wasn't anything of the kind, anyway; but she was mollified to a certain extent, and said she would take her husband's advice and wait a little while before she did anything rash.

She was glad that she had come to this decision the next morning, for the breakfast was on time and everything was so nicely cooked that even Pratt expressed his satisfaction, and as a general thing Pratt is hard to satisfy at breakfast time. Then the subsequent sweeping, dusting, washing and scouring were all as well done as it is possible to do those things, and through it all Elizabeth whistled like a yellow-headed nightingale.

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It was that way from that time forth. Work was done to perfection and the young men came with regularity, but Elizabeth never let them interfere with her domestic duties. There was one young man for nearly every night in the week, and it seemed that those whose turn fell on the off nights when the Pratts had company were apparently accorded the special privilege of the Sunday afternoon walk. How the girl managed them so well Mrs. Pratt confessed was a mystery to her, and Pratt said that if it was a mystery to her it must be a mystery indeed.

Then substantial benefits were derived from the pretty little maid's knack of managing. The porch was scrubbed even oftener than was necessary and if anything went wrong in the flat Elizabeth had never to ask the janitor twice to fix it. If anything that the groceryman or the milkman brought to the house was not what Elizabeth considered it should be, that groceryman or milkman or other man took it back with absolute enthusiasm and was forthcoming with the proper article within the shortest possible space of time. It was simply marvelous.

Sometimes Mrs. Pratt felt it her duty to remonstrate with the girl concerning her coquetry, but Elizabeth only laughed. She was always laughing. "It does dem good," she said. "I keep dem all kessing and den dey behave. If dey did not like it dey vould not come any more, so it is goot for dem and goot for me."

When Mrs. Pratt told her husband about this he was seriously concerned. "I should have thought you would have known better than that," he said. "Just as long as she keeps the crowd going we are all right. If she had one steady I should be scared. Let her alone; she's all right. And I think, by the way, that we might manage to put another dollar a week on her wages."

That, Mrs. Pratt said, was just the way you might expect a man to look at such things—just as long as he was comfortable he was willing to wink at iniquity. Nevertheless the lady did begin to think that she might have said too much and the prospect of Elizabeth settling to one "steady," marrying and leaving them, was not pleasant. So she felt impelled to express to her domestic the hope that she would not let one of those young men run away with her.

"You needt not be a'skeered," laughed Elizabeth. "Now, I haf a goot time, and if I marry—vell, I haf seen some people who haf married and I am not in a hurry. I haf my goot time first, anyway."

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Sometimes one of Elizabeth's beaus dropped off, either discouraged or dismissed, but there was always another to take his place, and it afforded the Pratts quite a little amusement to note the changes. One evening Mrs. Pratt went into the kitchen and found a newcomer, who seemed to be of a different stamp to the others—not so clean or neat, and older, but a good-looking fellow enough, and of a breadth and stature that seemed to make the kitchen shrink. He rose to his feet at the lady's entrance and made an awkward bow, and Mrs. Pratt noticed for the first time that Elizabeth blushed. For two or three weeks this giant called at his appointed time; then he came twice in one week. The second time this happened the Pratts heard voices raised in anger—male voices and then the sound of a scuffle and a scream from Elizabeth. Pratt jumped up and ran into the kitchen just as the outer door slammed, and found Elizabeth with the bloom fled from her face confronting her latest admirer, who stood with his back to the door scowling at her.

"What does this mean?" demanded Pratt.

Elizabeth began to cry and the giant stood sullen and silent.

"Whatever it is," continued Pratt, "I won't have it. Get out of this house and don't you let me find you here again. I don't want to have any trouble with you, but I told you to get out. Now get."

For an instant the big man hesitated; then he turned, and with a parting scowl at the girl opened the door and got. Pratt attempted to question Elizabeth, but she would do nothing but cry, and at last he gave it up and went back and told his wife that he thought Elizabeth's management had failed for once and two had called at the same time, with the result of the survival of the fittest. It is probable that he was right.

They expected that Elizabeth would file a week's notice, but she did not and no more young men called. On the succeeding evening Pratt thought he heard the sound of a struggle outside, and, looking out of the window, he saw a man stagger over backward into the weeds at the side of the house and limp away. Two or three days later he met one of Elizabeth's former callers with a green shade over his eye and a strip of sticking plaster on one side of his cheek and another adorer with an unconcealed black eye. He fancied at another time that he recognized the burly figure of the latest walking up and down in front of the house. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, he came to the conclusion that Elizabeth was blockaded.

The surrender came only too soon. Elizabeth for awhile went about her work in a listless, weary fashion, and she forgot things and did not whistle any more. Then she took extra evenings out and began to grow more cheerful. Then one day she went to Mrs. Pratt and told her, with tears and smiles, that she was going to get married and would have to leave. "But if it was not for him," she said, "I wouldt nefer leave you at all; but he will haf it so and I must do it."

"Why don't you wait, you silly girl?" said Mrs. Pratt. "You have got plenty of time yet. Make him wait."

"Oh, but you do not know him. And there are three children, and he says I must marry him now, and I must."

It was the big man, it appeared, and poor Elizabeth had been unable to "keep him kessing" and to "make him behafe." She had found her fate and her master. "Three children and that brute," said Mrs. Pratt to herself; "poor girl!"

Pratt, soon after, meeting the bridegroom-elect congratulated him warmly on his good fortune, with sincere praises of the girl. The "brute" replied. "Oh, yes, she iss goot, but dere is a lot of nonsense about her she will haf to vorget if she lives mit me."

So Pratt, too, went away sighing, "Poor Elizabeth!"—Chicago Record.

TREASURES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

A Description of Some of the Artistic Pieces of Furniture and Bric-a-Brac.

"The Art Treasures of the White House" is the title of an article in the Woman's Home Companion dealing with the bric-a-brac that has been accumulated in the Executive Mansion by the Presidents. In the beginning of his article Mr. Fawcett says:

"There are doubtless in every large city in the country larger and more valuable collections of bric-a-brac and art furniture than that to be found in the private apartments of the Executive Mansion, but it is a question whether there is in the length and breadth of the land any other half so interesting. Rarity is, of course, a universal characteristic of the artistic gems scattered through the home of the Presidents, but better than that is the fact that almost every piece is fraught with memories and associations that make it a prized possession. Of the whole number probably half are the gifts of kings and rulers—tokens of appreciation from friendly nations—and the remainder, having been fashioned especially for the White House, have no duplicates anywhere else in the world.

"This accumulation is not the product of any particular administration. President Arthur had, perhaps, more of the collector's spirit than has been inherent in any other man who has been master of the White House, and certainly he made more additions to its furnishings than any other of its occupants.

"Any expenditure which the President himself makes for pictures or statuary or bric-a-brac or furniture, unless specially provided for, must come out of the fixed appropriation which Congress makes each year for the maintenance of the White House. Mr. Arthur chose to spend the major part of his 'allowance' in the manner which has been outlined. Mrs. McKinley, on the other hand, has preferred to devote the rather modest sum to beautifying her temporary home in other ways, and thus we find all about the house new mirrors, freshened decorations and other evidences of refurnishing. Mrs. Cleveland added more new flowers than bric-a-brac, and Mrs. Hayes found her hobby in pretty table china rather than in the treasures that are purely ornamental."

Caught a Fish and Owl on One Line.

H. M. Walton, a reliable citizen of Wilkes, relates a most remarkable instance, as follows: Harry, son of Mr. Walton, set out a hook and line on the creek near his home and left it over night. The next morning he went to his line, and to his great astonishment found a good-sized fish on the line and a large hooting owl tangled up in the line and floating on the surface of the water. The owl had been drowned, but the fish was alive and still pulling on the line. The fishing line had been wrapped about the owl several times, which placed the night bird completely in the power of the fish.

Mr. Walton's theory is that during the night the owl in seeking food found the fish fastened on the line and undertook to make a meal off him. In the struggle the fish jumped over the owl, wrapping the line about him, rendering him helpless and the frequent dips into the water drowned the bird.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

One Fly's Quiet Half-Century.

The cornerstone of the old High School building at Akron, Ohio, which is being torn down to make room for a freight station, was removed a few days ago. The box it contained was delivered to a committee of the Akron lodge of Masons. When opened a big blue fly buzzed a moment and flew out from among the papers in the box. The box had been buried in the cornerstone fifty years, and the fly could not have got into it after the stone was removed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.